

THE PAUPER OF PARK LANE

By WILLIAM Le QUEUX.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

The Lost Beloved.

Weeks had dragged by. To Max Barclay they had been weeks of keen anxiety and unceasing search to discover traces of his lost beloved.

Once, and only once, had he seen Jean Adam, against whom Sam Statham had warned him. He had met the man of brilliant financial ideas by appointment at lunch at the Savoy and had told him plainly that he had reconsidered the whole matter of the Turkish concessions, and had decided to have nothing to do with it.

His excuse was lack of funds at that moment. To the old millionaire he owed a good deal for giving him the "tip" regarding the plausible Anglo-Frenchman, Adam, alias Adams, received Max's decision without the alteration of a muscle of his face. He was a perfect actor, and betrayed no sign of surprise or of chagrin.

"Well, my dear fellow," he remarked, raising his glass of Brandy, "I am raising it before placing it to his lips; you're losing the chance of a lifetime. If Baron Hirsch had been alive he wouldn't have allowed such a thing to slip. When old Statham knows of it he'll move heaven and earth to come in."

Max was silent. He did not allow his companion to know that Statham had been responsible for his refusal to join in the project.

"I'm sorry, too," he said. "But just now I'm rather pressed. I was hard hit last week over those Siberians."

"But the money required is a mere bagatelle. I have mine ready."

"I regret," answered Max, "but my decision is final."

"Very well, my dear fellow," replied Adam lightly. "I don't want to persuade you. There are all without any comment, city who'll be ready to put up money to-morrow morning."

And the pair finished their luncheon and parted, Adam, of course, entirely unsuspecting of the part Statham had played in upsetting his deeply laid plans.

To every address which Marlon's brother had furnished he had gone at posthaste, only to draw blank every time. Charlie had, at Statham's instructions, gone first to Constantinople, then to Odessa and Batoum, after which he had returned direct to London.

In Odessa he had been met by a special messenger from the London office bearing a number of documents, and his business in that city had been a long and tedious one. Therefore, it was early in October when, arriving by the evening train at Charing Cross from Paris, he took a cab straight to Park Lane.

In greeting him, old Sam was rather curious in his manner. He had thought there was a lack of cordiality. Usually, when he came off a long journey, the old fellow ordered Levi to bring the decanter of whisky and a syphon. But on this occasion the head of the great financial house merely sat in his chair at his desk and heard his secretary's report without even suggesting that he might be fagged by his rush across Europe.

Rolf related, briefly and plainly, the various points upon which he had failed, and those upon which he had been successful. Some of his decisions had brought many thousands of pounds into the already overflowing coffers of Statham Brothers, and yet the old man made no sign. He heard all without any comment save now and then a grunt of satisfaction.

The younger man could not disguise from himself the fact that the millionaire was not himself. His face was paler and more transparent, while the green-shaded electric lamp shed upon it a hue that was unreal and ghastly. Old Levi, too, as he flitted in and out like a white-breasted shadow, seemed to regard him with unusual suspicion and distrust.

What could it all mean?

He looked from one to the other in puzzled surprise.

He was unaware that only on the previous night a thin, dark, bearded man had been ushered into that very room and had sat for two or three hours with the great financier. His countenance, his gestures, the cut of his clothes, all showed plainly that he was not English. Besides, the consultation was in French, a language which old Sam knew fairly well.

That man was a spy, and he was from Belgrade.

From the moment Charlie Rolf had descended at the station to the moment he had left it, secret observation had been kept upon his movements. And to furnish the report to his master the spy had traveled from Serbia to London. Samuel Statham trusted nobody. Even his most confidential assistant was spied upon, and his own reports compared with those of a spy.

More than once, as Charlie Rolf, all unconscious of the surveillance upon him, related what had occurred in King Peter's capital, the old man smiled in disbelief. This the young man could not understand. He was in ignorance of the great conspiracy in progress, or of the millionaire's ulterior motives. The old man's face was sphinx-like, as it ever was; a countenance with no single trait was visible; neither was there human joy or human sympathy. It was the face of a statue—the face of a man whose greed and avarice had rendered him pitiless.

And yet, and yet, enough of the human man was in Charlie's knowledge, a philanthropist in secret, giving away thousands yearly to the deserving poor without any thought of laudatory comment of either press or public.

Samuel Statham was not well; of that Charlie felt assured. He noticed the slight trembling of the thin white hands, the fixed, anxious look in his eyes, the curl of the thin gray lips, all of which caused him anxiety. In his ignorance he had grown to be greatly fond of the eccentric old man who pulled so many of the financial wires of Europe and whose word could cause the stock markets to fluctuate. A scribbled word of his might would be felt in Wall Street on the morrow, whilst the pulses of the bourses of Berlin, Paris, and Vienna were ready at any moment to respond instantly to the transactions of Statham Brothers, often so gigantic as to cause a sensation of whom he had seen, and what information he had gathered regarding the tariff war with Austria.

To all the questions Charlie replied in a manner which showed him to be perfectly alive to all the requirements of the firm. To those in Old Broad Street, city, secret information regarding the future policy of Serbia means the gain or loss of many thousands, and though during his sojourn in the City of the White Fortress his mind had been so perturbed over his own private affairs, he had certainly not neglected those of the great firm who employed him.

The old man gave little sign of approbation, and after nearly an hour suddenly dismissed him abruptly, saying:

"Very well. You're tired, I expect. You'd better go to dinner. I'll see you in the morning."

"There's another matter I wanted to speak to you about," Charlie said, still remaining in his chair, watching the old fellow as he turned toward his desk and drew some papers from his blotting pad.

"What?" Charlie asked, the old fellow, sharply, turning again to the other.

"You did very well in Odessa. I was

very pleased to receive that last cable from you. Your report grew frightened, evidently afraid I should withdraw and let the whole business go into air." And he chuckled to himself in delight at how he had worried a powerful Russian banker who was his enemy.

"It was not of that I wish to speak," remarked Rolf, quietly. "It was with regard to my sister Marlon."

The old fellow started uneasily at his secretary's words.

"What?" "Your sister?" he said. "What about her?"

"She's left Cunningham's," Charlie said. "According to what I hear, she's been discharged in some disgrace."

"Ah, yes," was the old man's response, as though recalling the fact. "I've heard so. Your friend Barclay came to see me, and told me some long story about her. I wrote to Cunningham, but I haven't seen any reply from him. It may have gone to the office."

"My sister has left Oxford Street—and hidden herself, in disgrace. We can't find her."

"Then if you can't find her, Rolf, I don't see how I can assist you," remarked the old man. "Gossip is a terrible thing, you know—especially the sentimental-minded. Been reading novels, perhaps—eh? Was she given to that?"

"The girls at Cunningham's have little time for reading," he said, piqued at Statham's careless manner. "Hitherto he had believed that the old man was genuinely interested in her, but he now saw that her future was to him nothing. He was too much occupied in piling up wealth to trouble his head over a girl's distress, even though that girl might be the sister of the man who by his acute business foresight often won for him thousands in a single day."

Charlie rose, full of suppressed anger. He did not notice the look of anxiety and shame upon the old man's face, for his

thoughts were elsewhere.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

A NEW SHIRT-WAIST DESIGN.



Novel ideas in shirt waists are constantly coming to the fore, and an attractive one is here shown, modeled in a pretty figured taffeta. This waist has a double box-pleat in the center back, while the front is ornamented on either side by two wide tucks stitched to yoke depth, which provide the necessary fullness over the bust. The closing of the waist is effected on the left side of the front, fancy buttons being used for fastening. The pattern provides for both

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

By HELEN ROWLAND.

Perhaps it's because he can dictate to her that a man finds his stenographer so much more companionable than his wife.

A modern proposal isn't the least bit exciting; the man remarks casually: "I'd be willing to button your dresses up the back," the girl replies lightly: "I'd be willing to dust your furniture"—and they're engaged.

If St. Peter is really an old man, no girl over seventeen need apply for admission to heaven.

A kiss may be anything from an insult to a benediction; and yet a man never can understand why a girl is indignant sometimes when she is kissed and isn't at others.

One swallow does not make a summer; but it often makes enough trouble between a husband and a wife to arise the household temperature to summer heat—if the swallow was a cocktail.

A man will flirt with two girls simultaneously, and then get deeply disgusted with both of them, because they say unkind things about one another, when they find it out.

Even a dead husband gives a widow some advantage over an old maid.

GETTING READY TO MOVE.

Portraits Taken Down in Room of Board of Commissioners.

Initial preparations for moving the seat of government of the District from its present quarters in the District Building, to the new Municipal Building, at Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, were begun yesterday.

The board room was relieved of the portraits of former District Commissioners. Other small appointments were removed.

The Commissioners hope to get into the new offices by July 1. It is not certain whether that day will witness the change.

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head was bowed beneath the lamplight as he pretended to fumble with his papers. "Perhaps your sister was tired of the place—too much hard work. Thought to better herself."

"My sister was, like myself, much indebted to you, Mr. Statham," was Rolf's reply. "If she has been discharged in disgrace, it is, I feel confident, through no fault of her own. Therefore, I beg of you to ask Mr. Cunningham to make full inquiry."

"What is the use? It is Cunningham himself who engages the hands and discharges them," replied Statham evasively. "I can't interfere."

"But," Rolf argued, "for the sake of my sister's good name you will surely do me this one small favor?"

"I have already seen Barclay, who says he's engaged to her. Call on him, and he'll explain what I have already said, and the inquiry I have already made," replied the old man in growing impatience.

"But weeks have gone by, and you've received no reply from Cunningham. He does not usually treat you with such discourtesy."

"I can only think that he acted as his own judgment directed him," the millionaire replied. "You know how strict the rules are that govern shop assistants, and I suppose he could not favor your sister any more than the others."

"Marlon wanted no favors," he declared. "She never asked one of anybody at Oxford Street. She only desires justice and truth—and I mean to have them for her."

"Then go and see Cunningham for yourself," snapped the old man. "I've done all I can do. If your sister chooses to go away and hide herself, how can I help it?"

"But she was sent away!" cried Rolf in anger. "Sent away in disgrace, and I intend to discover what charge there is against her—and the truth concerning it!"

"Dear me, Rolf," snapped the old man impatiently. "Do go home, for heaven's sake. You're tired and hungry—consequently out of temper."

"Yes," he cried. "I am out of temper because you refuse to render my sister justice! But she shall have it—she shall!"

And he stalked out of the room and closed the door noisily behind him.

Then, after the door had closed, old Sam raised his head, and his eyes looked toward the young man. In them was a look such as was seldom seen there—a look of double cunning which spoke mutely of false and double dealing.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

Special Correspondence The Washington Herald.

Tokyo, Feb. 22.—In emigration and colonization lies the hope of the future prosperity of Japan. There were those Japanese who believed that America offered the brightest opportunities for the emigrants, and the ship companies encouraged this view. The stream of Japanese flowing to the Pacific coast in both the United States and Canada was multiplied many fold just after the war with Russia. It was predicted that the Japanese would eventually become the dominant factor in the industrial life of the Pacific Coast States, just as they have already become uppermost in Hawaii. The raising of the school question in San Francisco, and the subsequent anti-Japanese demonstrations in the United States and Canada, have forced the Japanese government to curtail the emigration in that direction. So much has been said in the United States on the American side of the question that it is interesting to compare the Japanese point of view.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

The people here are divided, the radicals believing that the action of the people of the Western coast of America grew out of racial prejudice, and that it is a snub to the Japanese people; while the conservatives maintain that it is entirely an economic question and that the objection was not to the Japanese as Japanese, but to the emigrants as individuals on account of their economic inferiority to the Americans. At first the radical wing was in the ascendant, and when the San Francisco school question came up, the people here were indignant. Gradually the conservative thought triumphed, and now predominates. But the balance is a nice one, and the other side may come into control at any moment.

The radicals are resolute toward America and Canada, and think that their national honor has been touched. The conservatives think the difficulty is the result of mutual misunderstanding. Both radicals and conservatives accuse themselves by falling back on their belief in their own inherent superiority over the Occidental nations. However Japan may have profited from its adoption of Western ideas, it still believes that its old civilization is superior to a pagan and one civilization, while Japan has two. The Japanese do not despise the Occidental people, as the exclusive Chinese have done, but their attitude is the one of condescension. This was illustrated in Baron Takahira's speech when he congratulated the United States upon the wonderful advancement of "our younger brother in civilization across the water."

In other words, if Uncle Sam looks down upon Little Almond Eyes, the punishment will be that the Sons of the Rising Sun will look down upon Little Yankee Boy.

Spontaneous public opinion probably does not exist in Japan. It is almost altogether manufactured by the newspapers, and these do not reach the masses of the people except in the cities. Those political factions which opposed the government party when the San Francisco school question arose made a great cry about the insult to Japanese honor. The Cabinet was hanging out a banner of "eye-brows," and it bowed to the force of the storm and made the part representations to Washington which started all the trouble. While American objection to Japanese immigration was bound to make itself manifest in time, the Japanese themselves precipitated the conflict by raising the cry of equal rights in American schools. When internal matters came up that served the purposes of the opposition, the anti-American issue was laid aside, so far as practical politics is concerned. But the newspapers daily publish long articles from the Pacific ports telling of the progress of the anti-Japanese feeling in America and Canada, and these serve to keep the spark of life in the question, so that any prominent Japanese politician or yellow journal could again bring the matter to white heat in a few days' time.

The varying points of view of the two schools of thought are very interesting. The conservative Japanese says: "We do not think that this is a matter about which we ought to quarrel with the United States, the nation which we venerate as our first and greatest friend. We know that the Japanese people, accustomed to small wages and small living,

can go into your country and work on such terms that the American cannot compete with him. The same thing is true of a Chinese coolie who would come to Japan. Therefore you will not have our coolies, and we will not have the Chinese. It is merely an economic question, and the Americans have a right to protect their own domestic system from a dangerous economic element. We deplore the fact that the race issue has been brought into the question, for while the causes leading to the agitation were purely economic, the difficulty may extend and cause ill feeling between classes of the two countries which would otherwise be the best of friends. We are hurt that some Americans have judged our whole nation by the conduct of a few of its blackest slaves, but we harbor no resentment and feel that it will all come out right."

This opinion is that which the American will find among those of the governing class with whom he comes in contact here, and it is the opinion of the more sober Japanese journals. However, it does not at all consist with the action of this same class of men in the San Francisco school question, where there was no economic issue and the whole affair resulted from a segregation of races, in which the Japanese were placed with the Chinese instead of with the whites.

The radical opinion is entirely different. It is the thought of the more numerous but less influential portion of the thinking people—the military faction which is still drunk with sight of power and blinded by the blood of the Russian bear. It is the opinion of the majority of the vast body of students in the universities, most of them more or less infected with socialistic ideas, and all of them swelled up with that peculiar conceit which runs in the blood east of Suez. These classes, guided by the newspapers and leaders of their side, believe that loyalty to the honor of Japan compels them to protect against the action of the inferior Americans in snubbing their superiors from the realm of the Mikado.

Their leaders declare that jealousy of Japanese industry is the immediate cause of the anti-immigration agitation, but that under it all is the race question. Their newspapers detail the attacks made upon the Japanese in American cities, extending the reports of mobs and dwelling on the utterances of public men. The bill in the California legislature to prevent foreigners from acquiring land was declared to be aimed at the Japanese, and one writer who has a degree from an American university, informed the people of Japan through the columns of a magazine, that the bill aimed to confiscate the property of the Japanese land-owners in California. The sober journals pointed out the untruth of this statement, but the two journals reach a different class.

The stinging poverty of the people in the throes of a panic has quieted the war talk of these radicals, and many pens that wrote with vitriol a year ago are silent before the oncoming of the great American armada, but the feeling is still there. The closest students of the Japanese people are inclined to think that this anti-American and anti-Canadian sentiment is not directly resultant from the issues raised by the emigration question, but that it is only an expression of the old anti-foreign hatred which kept Japan under lock and key for 2,000 years. It is not to be expected that the habits of thought of two centuries can be wiped out in a few decades. The smouldering embers of this old anti-foreign feeling, refreshed by the victories of the war against Russia, are yet alive and may be fanned into flame despite the efforts of the governing class to keep them covered up.

It is this sentiment which is behind Japan's movement for Asia Monroe doctrine. And it is this same sentiment which will rule in the event that Japan does come into predominant influence in China. Then it would possess what it now lacks—unlimited natural resources and great wealth. If it gets to that position, the goal of the ambition of every Japanese, then the old feeling of superiority to the Occidentals, the union of Japanese and Chinese hatred for foreigners, the cry of "Asia for the Asiatics," will have more force behind it than it has now, falling from the lips of irresponsible Tokyo students.

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To-morrow—Frenzied Finance in Japan.

STANN'S

8th St. & Pa. Ave. THE BUSY CORNER

To-day's Specials

40c Old-fashioned Butter Creams (at Candy Dept.), lb.	23c	Choice 8 kinds of Laundry Soap, 5 cakes for.....	21c
\$6.00 Heywood Folding Go-carts (forty of them) at.....	\$3.98	2-year-old Hardy Holland Rose Bushes, \$1.10 doz. each.....	10c
Our 25c a lb. Thread Writing Paper, each.....	19c	2c Hennis Patent Fruit Preserves, family size. Special, each.....	15c
All-silk Umbrellas, worth \$3 and up, at each.....	\$1.98	\$1.75 Square Willow Clothes Hamper.....	\$1.09
Special 15c Nut Sundae at the new fountain. Special.....	5c	2c quality 5-inch Taffeta Ribbon, black, white, and colors.....	19c
Special lot of New Trimmed Hats, 10 to 12 dozen, each.....	\$5.00	Tally Cards, worth up to 25c a dozen. T. O. & Y. only, dozen.....	5c
Special lot Perfect-fitting Leather and Elastic Belts.....	98c	Lot of usual 5c Striped Towels, 100-lbs. Each, special.....	15c

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AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO

Liebler & Co. Present
A Comedy Concerning Cowboys and College Men
Notable Cast
RICHARD BENNETT
GEORGE MARION
JAMES E. SULLIVAN
HOWARD ESTABROOK
GRETCHEN CHASE

By Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach.
Staged by George Marion.
Next Week—James T. Powers, in "The Blue Moon."

MONSEN LECTURES

DIRECTION BRENE STEVENS.
THIS AFTERNOON AT 4:30, NEW MEXICO
TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 4:30. CALIFORNIA
TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 4:30. CALIFORNIA
SINGLE TICKETS, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Chase's

Polite
VAUDEVILLE
Daily Mat. 2c and 5c. Eve's, 2c, 5c, and 10c.
The Famous Former Star of "The Bishop's Wife."
WM. H. THOMPSON AND COMPANY,
In "FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE," by Clay Green.
EUGENE JEFFSON AND CO.,
In GEORGE ADE'S Latest Hit, "THE MAYOR
AND THE MANSUET."
Stunt Barnes, Mlle. Marguerite's French Halls,
Rene Hynes, Murray Sikes, Adolphe Toffi,
Yamamoto, Mrs. J. J. Fisher, Viaggiato,
Next Week—Horse Godin, Maud Hall, Carline
Maud, Fawn and Byron. The Village
Choir, etc. Buy Seats To-day.

NEW NATIONAL

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS
MARIE
DORO
In W. J. LOCKE'S Brilliant Comedy,
"THE MORALS OF MARCUS"
Week April 20, RICHARD CABLE in "MARTY'S LAMB."

FAREWELL TOUR